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Telegraphic Address—Taisy, Va.  
Practice in all courts on the Eastern  
Shore of Virginia. Prompt attention  
to all business.

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Practices in the courts of Accomac  
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5 E. Camden St., Baltimore  
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References—N. Y. National Ex-  
change Bank, Mercantile Agencies.  
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try, and all kinds of  
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Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Traders' National Bank.  
**Barnet Bond's Son**  
—General—  
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Cheapside and Pratt St.,  
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References—Citizens National Bank,  
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Commission 7 per cent.  
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Salesman 13 years of G. S. Palmer.

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Dealer in  
—Fruits and Produce—  
180 Reade St., New York.

Sweet and Irish Potatoes specialties.  
References—Irving Nat. Bank, New  
York; R. G. Dunn & Co.; and the  
trade generally.

**T. H. KEPNER & CO.**  
Produce  
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Sweet Potatoes a specialty.  
Shipping Letter H

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—PRODUCE—  
**Commission Merchants,**  
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Peas, Berries, Cabbage, &c.  
Sweet and Irish Potatoes  
a specialty.

200 E. Pratt St., — Baltimore.  
Reference—Peoples Bank of Baltimore  
Shipping Letter C

sons built.  
**The Ministry of Trouble.**

Yet there are people here to whom this  
world is brighter than heaven. Well,  
dear souls, I do not blame you. It is  
natural. But after while you will be  
ready to go. It was not until Job had  
been worn out with bereavements that  
he wanted to see God. It was not until  
the prodigal got tired of living among  
the hogs that he wanted to go to his  
father's house. It is the ministry of  
trouble to make this world worth less  
and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to  
make us feel our dependence upon God.  
Men think that they can do anything  
until God shows them they can do nothing  
at all. We lay our great plans, and  
we like to execute them. It looks big.  
God comes and takes us down. As Pro-  
metheus was struck by his enemy,  
when the lance struck him on both sides,  
and he fell and he fell. So it is the min-  
istry of trouble that lets out great swell-  
ings of pride. We never feel our depen-  
dence upon God until we get trouble. I  
was riding with my little child along  
the road, and she asked if she might  
drive. I said, "Certainly." I handed  
over the reins to her, and I had to ad-  
mire the glee with which she drove.  
But after while we met a team and we  
had to turn out. The road was narrow,  
and it was sheer down on both sides.  
She handed the reins over to me and  
said, "I think you had better take  
charge of the horse." So we are all  
children, and on this road of life we like  
to drive. It gives one such an appear-  
ance of superiority and power. It looks  
big. But after while we meet some  
obstacle and we have to turn out, and  
the road is narrow, and it is sheer down  
on both sides; and then we are willing  
that God should take the reins and  
drive. Ah, my friends, we get upset so  
often because we do not hand over the  
reins soon enough.

After a man has had trouble, prayer  
is with him a taking hold of the arm of  
God and crying out for help. I have  
heard earnest prayers on two or three  
occasions that I remember. Once, on  
the Cincinnati express train, going at  
40 miles the hour, the train jumped the  
track, and we were near a chasm 80 feet  
deep, and the men who, a few minutes  
before, had been swearing and blas-  
pheming God, began to pull and jerk at  
the bell rope and get up on the backs of  
the seats, and cried out, "O God, save  
us!"

There was another time, about 800  
miles out at sea, on a lumbering steam-  
er, after the last lifeboat had been split  
finer than kindling wood. They prayed  
then. Why is it you so often hear peo-  
ple, in reciting the last experience of  
some friend, say, "He made the most  
beautiful prayer I ever heard of?" What  
makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness  
of it. Oh! I tell you, a man is in ear-  
nest when his stripped and naked soul  
wades out in the soundless, shoreless,  
bottomless ocean of eternity.

A helpful Father.  
It is trouble, my friends, that makes  
us feel our dependence upon God. We  
do not know our own weakness or our  
strength until the last plank breaks. It  
is contemptible in us when there is noth-  
ing else to take hold of that we catch  
hold of God only. Why, you do not  
know who the Lord is! He is not an an-  
ticator seated far up in a palace, from  
which he emerges once a year, preceded  
by heralds swinging swords to clear the  
way. No. But a Father willing, at our  
call, to stand by us in every crisis and  
predicament of life. I tell you what  
to think of. A young man goes off from  
home to earn his fortune. He goes with  
his mother's consent and benediction.  
She has large wealth, but he wants to  
make his own fortune. He goes far  
away, falls sick, gets out of money. He  
sends for the hotel keeper where he is  
staying, asking for lenience, and the  
answer he gets is, "If you don't pay up  
Saturday night, you'll be removed to  
the hospital."

The young man sends to a comrade in  
the same building. No help. He writes  
to a banker who was a friend of his de-  
ceased father. No relief. He writes to  
an old schoolmate, but gets no help.  
Saturday night comes, and he is moved  
to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with  
grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper  
and a postage stamp, and he sits down,  
and he writes home, saying: "Dear  
mother, I am sick unto death. Come."  
It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she  
gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train  
gets there. She is five minutes from the  
door. She gets there in time to have five  
minutes to spare. She wonders why a  
train that can go 30 miles an hour can-  
not go 60 miles an hour. She rushes in  
to the hospital. She says: "My son,  
what does all this mean? Why didn't  
you send for me? You sent to every-  
body but me. You knew I could and  
would help you. Is this the reward I  
get for my kindness to you always?"  
She bundles him up, takes him home  
and gets him well very soon. Now,  
young man, treat God just as that  
mother treated her mother. When you  
get into a financial perplexity, you  
call on the banker, you call on the bro-  
ker, you call on your creditors, you call  
on your lawyer for legal counsel; you  
call upon everybody, and when you can-  
not get any help, then you go to God.  
You say: "O, Lord, I come to thee.  
Help me now out of my perplexity." And  
the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh  
hour. He says: "Why did you not  
send for me before? As one whom  
his mother comforted, so will I comfort  
you." It is to throw us back upon God  
that we have this ministry of tears.

The Office of Sympathy.  
Again, it is the use of trouble to cap-  
tivate us for the office of sympathy.  
The priests, under the old dispensation,  
were set apart by having water sprinkled  
upon their hands, feet and head, and  
by the sprinkling of tears people are  
now set apart to the office of sympathy.  
When we are in prosperity we like  
to have a great many young people  
around us, and we laugh when they romp,  
and we sing when they sing; but when  
we have trouble which like plenty of old  
folks around. Why? They know how  
to talk.

Take an aged mother, 70 years of age,  
and she is almost omnipotent in com-  
fort. Why? She has been through it all.  
At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes  
over to comfort a young mother who  
has just lost her babe. Grandmother  
knows all about that trouble. Fifty  
years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of  
that day she goes over to comfort a wid-  
owed soul. She knows all about that.

She has been walking in that dark val-  
ley 20 years. At 4 o'clock in the after-  
noon some one knocks at the door, want-  
ing bread. She knows all about that.  
Two or three times in her life she came  
to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that  
night she goes over to sit up with some  
one severely sick. She knows all about  
it. She knows all about fevers and plen-  
ries and broken bones. She has been  
doctoring all her life, spreading plasters  
and pouring out bitter drops and shak-  
ing up hot pillows and contriving things  
to tempt a poor appetite. Drs. Aber-  
nethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey  
were great doctors, but the greatest doc-  
tor the world ever saw is an old Chris-  
tian woman. Dear me! Do we not re-  
member her about the room when we  
were sick in our boyhood? Was there  
any one who could ever so touch a sore  
without hurting it?

Where did Paul get the ink with  
which to write his comforting epistle?  
Where did David get the ink to write  
his comforting Psalms? Where did John  
get the ink to write his comforting Re-  
velation? They got it out of their own  
tears. When a man has gone through  
the curriculum and has taken a course  
of dungeons and imprisonments and  
shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work  
of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons  
on the subject of trouble were all poetic  
and in semiblack verse, but God knocked  
the blank verse out of me long ago and  
I have found out that I cannot comfort  
people except as I myself have been  
troubled. God make me the son of con-  
solation to the people! I would rather  
be the means of something one perturbed  
spirit today than to play a tune that  
would set all the sons of mirth reeling  
in the dance.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the  
caldron the root out of dry ground,  
without form or comeliness. Then I  
put in the rose of Sharon and the lily  
of the valley. Then I put into the cal-  
dron some of the leaves from the tree of  
life and the branch that was thrown  
into the wilderness. Then I pour in  
the tears of Bethany and Golgotha;  
then I stir them up. Then I kindle un-  
der the caldron a fire made out of the  
wood of the cross, and one drop of that  
potion will cure the worst sickness that  
ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and  
Martha shall receive their Lazarus from  
the tomb. The dancsels shall rise. And  
on the darkness shall break the morning  
and God will wipe away all tears from  
their eyes.

Jesus had enough trial to make him  
sympathetic with all trial. The shortest  
verse in the Bible tells the story, "Je-  
sus wept." The scar on the back of his  
either hand, the scar on the arch of  
either foot, the row of scars along the  
line of the hair, will keep all heaven  
thinking. Oh, that Great Weeper is just  
the one to silence all earthly grief.  
Gentle! Why, his step is softer than the  
step of the dove. It will not be a tramp-  
ling upon you to hush up your crying. It  
will be a father who will take you in  
his left arm, his face beaming into  
yours, while with the soft tips of the  
fingers of his right hand he shall wipe  
away all tears from your eyes.

Homeless For Heaven.  
Friends, if we could get any appre-  
ciation of what God has in reserve for  
us, it would make us so homeless we  
would be unfit for our everyday work.  
Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa  
university, put in his hand a meteoric  
stone, a piece of heaven from some other  
world to this. How suggestive it was  
to me! And I have to tell you the best  
representations we have of heaven are  
only aerolites flung off from that world  
which rolls on bearing the multitudes  
of the redeemed. We analyze these aerol-  
ites and find them crystallizations of  
tears. No wonder, flung off from heav-  
en! "God shall wipe away all tears  
from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the  
good and glorious things your friends  
are having in heaven? How different it  
is when they get news there of a Chris-  
tian's death from what it is here! It is  
the difference between emigration and  
coming into port. Everything depends  
upon which side of the river you stand  
when you hear of a Christian's death.  
If you stand on this side of the river,  
you mourn that they go. If you stand  
on the other side of the river, you re-  
joice that they come. Oh, the difference  
between a funeral on earth and a jubilee  
in heaven—between parting here and  
reunion there! Together! Have you  
thought of it? They are together. Not  
one of your departed friends in one land  
and another in another land, but to-  
gether, in different rooms of the same  
house—the house of many mansions.  
Together!

I never more appreciated that thought  
than when we laid away in her last  
slumber my sister Sarah. Standing around  
in the village cemetery, I looked around  
and said, "There is father, there is  
mother, there is grandfather, there is  
grandmother, there are whole circles of  
kindred, and I thought to myself, 'To-  
gether in the grave—together in glory.'"  
I am so impressed with the thought  
that I do not think it is any fanaticism  
when some one is going from this world  
to the next if you make them the bearer  
of dispatches to your friends who are  
gone, saying, "Give my love to my par-  
ents, give my love to my children, give  
my love to my old comrades who are in  
glory, and tell them I am trying to fight  
the good fight of faith and I will join  
them after awhile." I believe the mes-  
sage will be delivered, and I believe it  
will increase the gladness of those who  
are before the throne. Together are they,  
all their tears gone.

My friends, take this good cheer home  
with you. These tears of bereavement  
that cause your cheek, and of persecu-  
tion, and of trial, are not always to be  
there. The motherly hand of God will  
wipe them all away. What is the use,  
on the way to such a consummation—  
what is the use of fretting about any-  
thing? Oh, what an exhilaration it  
ought to be in Christian work! See you  
the pinnacles against the sky? It is the  
city of our God, and we are approach-  
ing it. Oh, let us be busy in the days  
that remain for us!

I put this balm on the wounds of  
your heart. Rejoice at the thought of  
what your departed friends have got  
rid of, and that you have a prospect of  
so soon making your own escape. Bear  
cheerfully the ministry of tears, and  
exult at the thought that soon it is to be  
ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street  
And greet our arms at Jesus' feet.

A NEW INDUSTRY.  
**Five Dollars a Day For Falling In Front  
of Trolley Cars.**

A small colored boy who wore neither  
shoes nor stockings, and who had on  
fewer clothes than would be required to  
build an Asbury Park bathing suit, was  
an inconspicuous feature of a crowd of  
busy people at the corner of Thirteenth  
and Filbert streets yesterday afternoon.  
His hat was a little bigger than a dollar  
bill, and a half smoked cigarette droop-  
ed from one corner of his mouth. His  
self assurance was by long odds the most  
prominent part of him.

He walked along the south side of  
Filbert street to Thirteenth, and started  
blithely across Thirteenth street, whis-  
tling "Sweet Marie" between puffs. A  
car of the Thirteenth and Fifteenth  
street line came whizzing along, and  
by the time it got to within a few feet  
of the boy the motorman had gone mad  
ringing his bell. The boy looked up sud-  
denly, dropped his cigarette, turned to  
run one way, stopped, turned half  
around in an apparent frenzy of fright  
and then the rapidly moving car struck  
him.

A fat policeman started for an embur-  
lance call on a dead run, and a score or  
more of people on the sidewalks closed  
their eyes when the boy disappeared, go-  
ing apparently under the car. When they  
opened them a second later, the  
youngster was sitting calmly on the edge  
of the fender, looking back to see if the  
wheels of the car had run over his ciga-  
rette.

There were people in the crowd who  
had hoped for years to see a genuine  
trolley accident, and they turned away  
with real disappointment on their faces.  
The motorman and the passengers swore  
at the boy, the spectators remonstrated  
their journey, and the fat policeman looked  
into Director Beiler's book of instruc-  
tions to see if he ought not to arrest  
somebody. The small boy crawled out  
of the fender, and as the car started up  
town he placed his fingers to his nose  
and giggled when he got to the conductor.

He did it on purpose. The traction  
companies pay him for doing it. His  
performance is one of the frequent evi-  
dences recently seen on the street of a  
brand new industry.

The fun of dodging trolley cars,  
which has added so much to the agility  
of Philadelphians during the last cen-  
tury of years, has just been augmented  
by the positive delight of falling in front  
of them. Small boys are whitening the  
hair of every motorman in town by drop-  
ping unexpectedly in front of the cars  
just for the exhilarating experience of  
being tossed in the bed of a fender. It  
is something new even to the jaded  
youngster, and elderly men who have  
tried it say the sensation beats a mouth  
at the seashore.

The thing was started by the trolley  
companies in order to demonstrate in a  
physical way to the people who like to  
get hurt that the day of their usefulness  
had passed.

Shortly after the introduction of im-  
proved fenders on their cars the trolley  
companies decided to bring about a  
number of practical tests. They secured  
the services of a dozen robust men and  
boys and turned them loose, with no  
other instructions than to get in the way  
of cars and be run over. Some of the  
men were not quite so well of their job  
at first, but one after another tried it until  
all of them abandoned their previous  
professions and took to bucking trolley  
cars with an avidity that kept them  
away from their meals.

The men and boys did so well that  
they started a fashion of getting in  
front of the cars, and it is difficult now  
for a motorman to keep his track clear.  
To do the thing well requires peculiar  
skill, and some of those who have work-  
ed at it longest are extraordinarily pro-  
ficient. It is a very easy thing for a  
man to fall clumsily on the track, but  
to do it in a way that will escape the  
detection of the motorman and at the  
same time attract the attention of all  
the bystanders in the vicinity is the work  
of an artist. The small colored boy is an  
adept at it.

The traction companies pay the men  
\$5 a day for their services, and the boys  
get \$1 a day.—Philadelphia Times.

He Doesn't Like Bloomers.  
A farmer in Delaware county has put  
his conservative sentiments on record  
by affixing to a tree on his premises a  
notice that "any idiot of the new wom-  
an species found riding or walking on  
these premises will be arrested." Inter-  
viewed as to his precise meaning, Agricola  
declares that by "any idiot of the new  
woman species" he means "one of these  
fools in bloomer costume on a wheel."  
Three things, then, are necessary  
to expose a woman to his menace:  
(1) She must be a fool, (2) in bloom-  
ers, (3) on a wheel. If all open to any  
woman against whom the rustic  
undertakes to operate his terrors to  
plead that he was not intended by the  
injunction, because she was not on a  
wheel, was not in bloomers or was not  
a fool, and the burden of proof will  
then rest upon the farmer. It seems  
that his specific grievance against the  
new woman is that she scares his horse,  
but it would not be practicable to pro-  
duce the horse before the justice of the  
peace and to note the effect on him of  
the culprit. Meanwhile the best course  
of a woman who dares, he best knows  
an idiot of the new woman species is to  
keep off the old man's land.—New York  
Times.

**King of Dahomey in Exile.**  
That interesting king in exile, Beho-  
zin of Dahomey, seems to accommodate  
himself fairly well, by all accounts, to  
circumstances at his enforced residence  
at Fort de France in the French posses-  
sion of Martinique. A traveler who vis-  
ited him only the other day describes  
him as having been surrounded by his  
wives and daughters, according to the  
etiquette of his country. He stood in  
the highroad and was about to return to  
his quarters. In answer to a salutation  
from his visitor the black monarch made  
a profound bow. Up to the present time,  
it seems, he has learned very little of  
the language of his captors. He only knows  
a dozen words or so of French. How-  
ever, he contrived to convey the infor-  
mation that he considered the surrounding  
country very pretty and that he and his  
entourage were in good health and spirits.  
He is extremely fond of European music  
and never neglects an opportunity of  
listening to the playing of the band of  
French marines. The road to his resi-  
dence is a steep one and covered with  
loose stones. It is about 20 minutes'  
walk from the harbor, where a French  
man of war, the Duquesne, is stationed.